

From the New York Mirror.
A LEGEND.

BY WILLIAM C. BRIANT.

Upon a rock that high and sheer,
Rose from the mountain's breast,
A weary hunter of the deer,
Had set him down to rest,
And bared, to the summer air,
His hot red brow and sweaty hair.

All dim in haze the mountain's lay,
With dimmer vales between,
And rivers glimmered on the way,
Ay forests, faintly seen;
While ever rose a murmuring sound
From brooks below and becs around.

He listened till he seemed to hear
A voice so soft and low,
And whether in the mind or ear,
The listener scarce might know;
With such a tone so sweet and mild,
The watching mother lulls her child.

"Thou weary huntsman," thus it said,
"Thou faint with toil and heat!
The pleasant land of rest is spread
Before thy very feet,
And those whom thou wouldst gladly see
Are waiting there to welcome thee."

He looked, and 'twixt the earth and sky,
Amidst the mountain haze,
A shadowy region met his eye,
And grew beneath his gaze,
As if the vapors of the air
Had gathered into shape so fair.

Groves freshened as he looked, and show-
ers
Showed bright on rocky bank,
And fountain swelled beneath the howers,
Where deer and pheasant drank.
He saw the glittering stream; he heard
The rustling bough, and twittering bird.

And friends—the dead—in boyhood dear,
There lived and walked again;
And there was one who many a year
Within her grave had lain,
A fair young girl, the regions pride—
His heart was breaking when she died.

Bounding as was her wont, she came
Right towards his resting place,
And stretched her hand, and called his
name,
With sweet and smiling face,
Forward, with fixed and eager eyes,
The hunter leaned in act to rise.

Forward he leaned, and headlong down
Plunged from the craggy wall;
He saw the rocks steep, stern and brown,
An instant in his fall—
A fearful instant and no more—
The dream and life at once were o'er!

From Atkinson's Casket.

THE OUTLAW OF SHERWOOD
FOREST.

BY THOMAS BURN ENGLISH.

The sun was fast sinking in the em-
brace of the western wave, and the sable
clouds of night slowly spreading their
gloom over the earth, when an archer,
clad in Lincoln green, with a horn of sil-
ver suspended from his neck, was seen to
approach the easternmost turret of Sher-
wood Castle.

The form of the archer was symmetri-
cal, nay almost faultless; and though in
these days of slender striplings, shape
like archers, be thought too robust to lay
claim to the title of beautiful; in those
times when so much depended on person-
al strength, he was accounted one of the
chief d'outvires of nature. The stranger
lifted the bugle to his lips, blew a faint
blast; a fair form appeared at a window
of the turret, and a white silken scarf flut-
tered in the air for a moment, and then
fell at the feet of the archer. Few words
passed between the lovers; entreally on
the part of one, and a half yielding refu-
sal on that of the other.

"One wind of this horn, fair lady,
brings three score archers to my call;
twice blown, and a hundred answer to
my summons. All pursuit would be in
vain. Doubt then no more, but away with
me, love, and to the merry green wood."

The lady hesitated no longer, but leap-
ing from the small aperture, which might
be used either as a window to admit the
light and air, or as a position of defence,
was soon seated on a swift footed palfrey,
and with one look to the home of her in-
fancy, left it for a time, perhaps forever.
The band, that had lain concealed beneath
some clustering thorn bushes, from which
in consequence of the color of their dress,
they could scarcely be distinguished, now
glowly disappeared; with the exception of
a few, which lingered behind his lady es-
cort. The deepening shades of night be-
gan to close around an Elgitha and her
outlaw lover were soon lost to sight in the
bosoms of the forest.

Great was the outcry on the following
morning in the castle, when it was ascer-
tained that the lady Elgitha had disap-

peared. The warder was questioned but
averred that the lady had not passed the
gate. The outler, Ralph de Gurth, who
had delighted his heart with Burgundy
the night before, declared on his hopes of
salvation, that he saw his mistress leap
from the eastern turret into the arms of
an angel who carried her off in a flood of
celestial light. The story despite its im-
probability, gained credence with the vas-
sals, and their faces betokened terror and
dismay. The warder ventured, in conse-
quence of the red nose of the relator, &
his well known devotion to the bottle, to
disbelieve the whole story, but was only
pityed for the rest for his incredulity. As
for the Baron, her father, he was in-
soluble. The sudden and mysterious
disappearance of his child, affected him
visibly, and he pined away, gradually, yet
surely, as does the oak of the forest when
stricken by the red bolt of heaven.

Richard the First had returned from
Palestine, bringing back with him how-
ever, but a small portion of the host he had
led thither. The plague had made sad
havoc with the pride of England. Many
of those whom the plague had spared, fell
from the effects of the burning heat, and
thirst; while the major part of those who
had escaped these evils, seemed spared
that they might fall before the lances of the
Saracens.

On their arrival at home, Cœur de Li-
on found the affairs of the kingdom in al-
most inextricable confusion. Insurrec-
tions were common in every part of the
realm, laws were evaded or set at open
defiance, whilst robbery and murder were
of every day occurrence. But this state
of affairs could not daunt the soul of
Richard, and he commenced reforming all
abuses, which had crept in the state dur-
ing his absence, making new laws and en-
forcing old ones, suppressing insurrec-
tions, and punishing murderers and
thieves, in such a prompt and vigorous
manner, as to present qualities to our ad-
miration, not only as a soldier, but as a
civilian.

Amongst other outlaws whom the king's
absence had caused to arise and flourish,
Robin Hood or the "Archer Outlaw," as he
was sometimes called, stood pre-eminent.
Skillful in the use of the long and
the cross bows, of immense strength, and
possessing a power to wield the minds of
the most desperate, these qualities, con-
joined with his handsome and commanding
figure, procuring him immense popular-
ity. He had associated with him the most
skillful archers of his time, the sureness
of whose name and whose desperate hab-
its, had not only become a bye-word with
all, but had so intimidated the hearts of
their enemies, that they reigned monarchs
of the green wood without fear of molesta-
tion. They destroyed deer in the king's
forest as a means of support, the meat not
only affording them food, but the sale of
the choicest portions affording them cloth-
ing, from the neighboring yeomanry;—
nay, even the barons, whose castles edged
on the forests, did not scruple to pur-
chase a haunch of venison from the for-
ester, without inquiring as to the manner
in which it was obtained.

Richard set about the matter zealously,
and after selecting the choicest of his
kings and bow-men, journeyed down to
Sherwood forest, to find, and if possible to
drive away these rude and hardy outlaws.
This was more easily conceived, than put
in execution; for some time had past, &
Richard and his band had lingered till
weary in the forest, without encountering
aught save green oaks and a few wild deer.

It was about noon, on one of these loiter-
ing days, that Richard was roaming a-
bout the forest, with no companion save
the good Gothic war sword which was
buckled to his side. A whizzing noise at-
tracted his attention, and he raised his
head in time to behold an arrow enter the
body of a buck, which was bounding light-
ly past him at the distance of a few paces.
The noble animal gave a leap, one
bound, and as the blood gushed in torrents
from his breast, staggered and fell. Full
of rage at this encroachment of his pre-
rogative, for the right of killing deer in
the royal forests belonged exclusively to
the monarch, he cast his eyes around him
in search of the offender, and beheld a
knave, clad in a simple garb of green,
advancing with a loosened bow. Him he
doubted not, was the aggressor; and he
was accosted accordingly by the Mon-
arch.

"How now, fellow; durst ye kill the
deer in the royal forest? By whose au-
thority do you act?"

"By that of Robin Hood, the merry
Monarch of the greenwood," replied the
varlet as he restrung his bow.

Richard would have seized the outlaw,
but he, as if aware of the prodigious
strength of his antagonist, eluding the
grasp, fitted an arrow to his bow, and di-
rected his aim at the monarch. Neither
the light breast-plate of the king, nor the
steel-linked coat of mail, which he habitu-
ally wore, would have saved his life, had not
at that moment, a tall figure sprang for-
ward, and dashed the half bended bow
from the hands of the archer.

The new-comer was also clad in a suit

of green, but it wore an air of coolness
by no means describable in that of the var-
let, who at a motion made by the other,
gathered up his bow and arrows and re-
tired. The hair of the intruder was a
jetty black, and fell over his neck and
shoulders in unbounded ringlets, contrast-
ing strangely with his fair complexion &
eyes of the most intense azure. A silver
bugle-horn which hung from his belt, and
a sword buckled to his side, together with
the highly ornamented bow and quiver,
proclaimed him to be of rank among the
outlaws.

There was a moment's pause, and each
gazed, for a time, in admiration, on the
vigorous form of the other.

"Thou'rt a stout well built for manly
sport, friend," said Richard, "and by the
ornaments lavished on thy weapons art
doubtless skilled in archery. Canst try a
bout with me?"

"If it please you," replied the other, as
he drew the bow and giver from his back
and gave them to the monarch.

The Lion-heart was skilled in all the
warlike sports of the day but especially
in that of archery. Fitting an arrow to
the bow, he shot at a twig a great distance
off, which the arrow struck and nailed to
the trunk of the tree. Elated at his feat,
he returned the weapon to the archer who
smiled gravely, and placed an arrow a-
right, drew the string to the length of the
bow. The bow gave a shrill twang, and
the arrow, whistling as it flew, stuck in
the extremity of the preceding one, which
it split in fragments. Richard was
astonished by the skill shown by the
archer and requested his name.

The outlaw gave no reply, but lifting
his bow to his lips, blew a blast that
sounded shrilly through the forest. Scarce
had the lingering echoes died up on the
air, when a hundred archers ar-
rived in green with quivers filled and
bows bended, were seen gathering around.

"These," said their commander, "are
my merry men, the archers of the forest,
and I am Robin Hood. And now I pri-
thee gentle knight, what name dost thou
bear?" at the same time he waved his
hand, and the band disappeared behind
the oaks and lindens of the wood.

"Richard of England!" was the reply.
At the announcement of that name the
outlaw bent his knee to his sovereignty
and cried:

"A boon, your majesty."
"Name it, and be it what it may, the
king will grant it to the man who has sur-
passed him in archery. Arise and name
it."

"Tis money for myself and followers."
"Thou hast it; but tell me, truly, art
thou not of gentle blood. Rumors are
rife that once the outlaw, Robin Hood
had graced a lordly hall. Then tell me,
are they true or false?"

The outlaw dashed the false tresses
from his brow and uttered the name of
"Charles of Huntington."

There was feasting and revelry in the
lofty halls of Richard, and many a lady
bright was there, and many a courtly
dance; but the fairest gem in all the glit-
tering array of beauty, and the brightest
star in that galaxy of loveliness, was she,
whom an outlaw had won for his bride—
Elgitha, Countess of Huntington.

Blockley, July, 1837.

From the A-Long Chronicle.

TO SPAIN.

Spain, I could weep for thee—the blight
That thy fair bosom sears;
To view thee, once so blest and bright,
Defiled with blood and tears;
To see far o'er thy smiling soil
A bigot's vengeance poured,
While traitors in thy coverts toil
And cowards wield thy sword.

Woe to the land, the sage hath said,
That rears an infant's throne;
'Tis thine, in desolation drear,
The bitter truth to own;
Yet once those words had been of worth—
The young, the weak, the fair—
To send ten thousand forth
To guard the nation's heir!

And art thou so of all bereft,
Those spirits proud and brave,
That thou hast not one hero left
To shield thee and to save?
So late before thy haughty brow
The Giant Despot quailed;
And shall a puny tyrant now
Win where Napoleon failed?

Oh! shall the slaves of Rome again
Upon thee glit their ire,
And give the best and bravest, Spain!
To feed the rack and fire?
Forbidden, Heaven! it cannot be
That such a fate remains,
To doom the land that once is free
Again to scourge and chains.

Black Hawk is luckier than some mem-
bers of Congress—he has been a second
time deputed to go to Washington.—
Himself, his son, and Keocuck, another
brave, with their retinues compose a com-
pany of about forty. The Louisville
Gazette says they are in a bad humor as
about their annuities.—Sun.

AN ABANDONED VILLAIN.
From the Correspondent of the Kentucky
Commonwealth.

Louisville, Sept. 1.

At one o'clock to-day Jones and Thomp-
son (assumed names) were hung for mur-
dering and attempting to rob Wm. S.
Thomas, exchange broker of this city.—
They rode from the jail to the gallows,
each driven in a buggy by one of the
sheriffs of this county, smoking their ci-
gars with great calmness, till the moment
before the caps were pulled over their
eyes, when they shook hands with each
other, and without any apparent trepidation,
were swung into eternity. Thomp-
son was without any genius of his own,
and has been the mere executioner of the
daring villainy of Jones and others.—
Jones has made a donation of his confes-
sion to Mrs. Oldham, widow of the late
jailer. According to this, it seems he
was born in England, of good family, and
was a merchant in London, where he
failed for three hundred and fifty thou-
sand pounds sterling—showing assets for
one hundred and ninety-one.

Here, he says, he deposited fifty thou-
sand pounds, without the knowledge of his
creditors, in the hands of a rich banker,
brought his wife and three children,
(daughters, whom he educated well) to
New York, where they married respecta-
bly, and still live. At this place his wife
died, after which he returned to London
and claimed of his banker the fifty thou-
sand pounds, who, after repeated applica-
tions, persisted in denying all knowledge
of the matter. He presently met him at
some distance from the metropolis, and
stabbed him to the heart; the blood gush-
ed from his bosom, and he dropped out of
his carriage a corpse. After this, Jones
went to the sea board, engaged in the na-
val service, excited the crew to mutiny,
murdered every soul on board who re-
fused to join his party except the captain's
wife, with whom he lived six or eight
months, and afterwards murdered her.—
He then took ship and crew to Africa,
took on board three hundred slaves, and
steered for the West Indies, twenty five
or thirty of whom died soon after leaving
the African coast; and being pursued by
a British man-of-war, to escape detection
they drowned all the others. Jones land-
ed at Charleston, South Carolina, murder-
ed some man for his money, was thrown
in jail where he lay thirteen months.

He went from thence to New Orleans,
put up at the best hotel in the city, dis-
covered some gentleman boarding in the
same house who had \$7,000, murdered
and robbed him in some of its passages,
remained unsuspected in the same place
for several days. He then took a steam-
boat and went to St. Louis; on his pas-
sage made acquaintance with Thompson,
in connection with whom he murdered and
robbed a man at St. Louis of \$2,000.—
Came to Louisville, watched William S.
Thomas for eight or ten days, entered his
house in 5th street, near Main, in the
most public part of this city, at nine o'-
clock in the morning, murdered him but
were intercepted in their intended robbery
by Thomas's servant breaking open the
door at they were ransacking his drawers of
his contents.

Jones was about 45 or 50 years old, six
feet high, straight and slender, well edu-
cated and uncommonly possessing in his
manners.—He was an infidel; declined all
intercourse with our clergy, (most of whom
called on him) or even naming the sub-
ject of religion in his presence. So that
he who has probably graced, by his pres-
ence, some of the first circles in London,
and possessing an intellect uncommonly
brilliant, by a misdirection of his gifted
powers, perished in a strange land; igno-
miniously perished under the gallows.

Yours, M.

Another Casper Hauser.—A corres-
pondent informs us, that a very extraordi-
nary boy has been found in the woods
near Chatham prairie, Indiana, and is
now in the family of Col. Clarke, of Bush
Hill, near the prairie. The boy is stout
has a fine figure, remarkable large black
eyes, and is about fifteen years of age.
During the time he has been in the fam-
ily of Colonel Clarke, which is now more
than three months, he has never uttered
an articulate sound, not even to express
his most urgent wants. He makes a
noise something like the scream of a child,
and has on some occasions shown an ex-
traordinary fondness for one of the ser-
vant girls in the family. He sits and
sleeps on the ground, and it is only through
affection for this girl, whom he appears
to love, that he will sometimes sit on a
chair or sleep in bed. He has nothing
but a deer skin round his body, and on no
account will he wear any other covering.
The food he prefers is raw beef, potatoes,
nuts, and the like. Small birds he de-
vours with greediness. He is also fond
of corn bread, but wheat is disagreeable
to him. He appears often melancholy,
and seems as if nothing would console
him for the loss of freedom and his first
mode of living. He is always anxious to
run away, but when detected generally
gives up without much trouble. What is

most astonishing is, that though he has
spent all this time in a clever family, yet
he has not made one step towards civil-
ization.—New Era.

THE VICTIM OF TOBACCO.

SATURDAY, OCT. 10, 1853.—Took my
bat for a walk: wife as wives are apt to,
began to loathe me with messages, upon
seeing me ready to go out. Asked me to
call at cousin M.—'s and borrow for
her the "Sorrows of Werter." Hate to
have a wife read such namby hammy stuff
but must humor her whims, and con-
ceded that I had rather she would take
pleasure over Werter's Sorrows than en-
joy her tongue in making "sorrow" for
your humble servant.

Got to cousin M.—'s door. Now
cousin M. is an old maid, and a dreadful
tidy woman. Like tidy women well en-
ough, but can't bear your dreadful tidy
ones, because I am always in dread while
on their premises, lest I should offend
their superlative neatness by a bit of gravel
on the sole of my boot, or such a mat-
ter.

Walked in, delivered my message, and
seated myself in one of her cane bottom
chairs, whilst she rummaged the book case.
Forgot to take out my eyeglasses before I
entered, and while she hunted felt the tide
rising. No spit box in her room. Win-
dows closed. Floor carpeted. Stove
varnished. Looked to the fire place, full
of flowers, and hearth now daubed with
Spanish brown. Here was a fix. Felt
the flood of essence of cavendish accumu-
lating. Began to reason with myself
whether, as a last alternative, it were bet-
ter to drown the flowers, bedaub the
hearth, or flood the carpet. Mouth in the
mean time pretty well filled. To add to
my misery, she began to ask questions.
"Did you ever read this book, Mr.—?"
"Yes ma'am," said I, in a voice like a frog
in the bottom of a well, while I wished
book, aunt, and all, were with Pharo's
host in the Red Sea. "How do you like
it?" continued the indefatigable querist.
I threw my head on the back of the chair,
mouth upwards, to prevent an overflow.
"Pretty well," said I. She at last found
"The Sorrows of Werter," and came to-
wards me. "Oh dear cousin Oliver,
don't put your head on the back of the
chair; now don't, you'll grease it and take
off the gilding!" I could not answer her,
having now lost the power of speech en-
tirely, and my cheeks were distended like
those of a toad under a mushroom.—

"Why Oliver," said my persevering tor-
menter, unconscious of the reason of my
appearance, "you are sick. I know you
are, your face is dreadfully swelled!" and,
before I could prevent her, her harshness
was clapped to my distended nostrils.
As my mouth was closed importunately,
the orifices of my nasal organ were at that
time my only breathing place. Judge
then what a commotion a puff of snuff of
harts horn created among my olfactory
foliots for the door, and a hearty, ac-
cusee relieved my proboscis; and to-
bacco, chyle, &c., all at once disgorged
from my mouth, restored me to the fre-
quency of speech. Her eyes followed me
in astonishment, and I returned and re-
lieved my embarrassment by putting a load
on my conscience. I told her I had been
trying to relieve the toothache by the tem-
porary use of tobacco; while truth to tell,
I never had an aching fang in my head.
I went home mortified.

NEWSPAPER READERS.

How endless is the variety of News-
paper readers, and how hard it is to sat-
isfy their wants. Mr. A. believes he shall
discontinue his paper because it contains
no political news—and B. is decidedly of
opinion that the same sheet dabbles too
much in the political movements of the
day. C. doesn't take it because it is all
on one side—and D. whose opinion it
generally expresses, does not like it be-
cause it is not severe enough upon the
opposition. E. thinks it does not pay
due attention to fashionable literature—
and F. cannot bear the flimsy notions of
ide writers. G. will not suffer a paper to
be upon his table which ventures an
opinion against Slavery—and H. never
patronizes one that lacks moral courage
to expose the evils of the day. I. de-
clares he does not want a paper filled with
charges podge proceedings and doings of
Congress and Legislature—and J. consid-
ers that paper the best which give the
greatest quantity of such proceedings.—
K. patronizes papers for the light and
tastefully reading which they contain—and
L. wonders that the Press does not pub-
lish Deway's Sermons, and such "other
solid matter." M. will not ever read a
paper that does not even expose the evils
of sectarianism—and N. is decidedly in
favor of the opinion that the Pulpit and
not the Press should muddle with religious
dogmas. O. likes to read Police Reports
—and P. whose appetite is less morbid,
would not have the paper in which these
silly reports are printed in his house. Q.
likes anecdotes—and R. won't take a pa-
per that publishes them. S. says that
murders and dreadful accidents ought not
to be put in the papers—and S. complains
that his miserable paper gives no account

of that highway robbery last week. T.
says the type is too small—and U. thinks
it too large. V. stops his paper because
it contains nothing but advertisements—
and all that W. wants is to see what is
for sale. X. will not take a paper unless
it is left at his store before sunrise—and
Y. declares he will not pay for it, if left
so early, that it is stolen from his domi-
cil before he is up. And, last of all, come
the complaints of some of the ladies, who
declare the paper is uninteresting be-
cause it does not every day contain a
list of marriages—just as if it were pos-
sible for the poor printers to marry peo-
ple whether the parties will or not.—Bed-
ford Gaz.

A HOPE FOR PRINTERS.

From the Logansport Telegraph.
"Pa," said a little girl to her father, as
they were walking out a few evenings
since, "don't that one of the poor Irish em-
igrants that I saw of late become so nu-
merous in our city, going down street
gender, with his hat crown out, and his
feet to the ground?"

"No indeed, child—that's a printer!—
poor fellows, they have hard work of it,
to get along in this world of trouble. I
only think—indeed I do."

The foregoing arrested our attention a
few days ago, in one of our exchanges, as
we were examining its contents, with a
view of culling something therefrom for
our own columns. At first we read it to
ourselves—then aloud with solemn em-
phasis and features composed, for truth
coming home does not excite mirth, for
the benefit of a brother type at our elbow.
When we had finished, his stick, which
had been firmly grasped in his hand, as
his eye became vivid with brightness, was
slowly lowered until it rested upon the
case, and the tightened grasp became re-
laxed. After gazing a moment, with a
vacant stare, he drew up his form to its
full height, and with much solemnity and
earnest composure exclaimed:

"Now, what's to prevent such a printer
from going right straight to Heaven after
death? Can any one make me believe
that such men are born for any other des-
tiny? Not at all of the preachers west
of the Alleghany mountains. Poor por-
tured spirit!—their worth—their real
worth is not appreciated here below. But
never mind—bright and happy days do a-
wait us, in a better and far happier sphere;
and then—"

Here the stick was clenched again with
all the order of one striving to smother
wealth, and for a little while the types
danced merrily. But he soon relaxed in-
to his usual mode of "sickening in," and as
he did so exclaimed:

"Tis no use to wear the ends of one's
fingers off—our day is coming, let who
may say to the contrary!"

"TOTHER SIDE.

From the same paper.
"Mister," said a little girl to a respecta-
ble vender of bread, pies and cake, "moth-
er wants get two cents worth of yeast;—
and wishes you, if you please, to put it in
two bottles with tight corks. Mother
says you may charge it; she has no change
to-day!"

We were forcibly reminded of this little
squab a few mornings since, by the fre-
quent calls, from non-subscribers, of
course, for the President's Message.

One of these perhaps I may take; our
paper-gentlemen would enter our office,
and something like the following ensued:

"Have you received the President's
Message?"

"Yes, sir; and have published it."

"Have you any spare copies?"

"We have."

"What does your paper come at a year
sir?"

"Two dollars, sir."

"Could you let me have two or three
copies of the message?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Would you be so good sir, as to en-
velope this for me; I wish to send it to a
friend?"

"Yes, sir, with pleasure."

"I think, sir, if I remain here any time
I shall take your paper. Good morning."

"Good morning, sir."

Spilloquy—The last of that man or his
subcription.

Attention Creation!!—If the grasp of
Isaac Chickering's mind is not vast, then
his pen, like some other pens, is no index
of his mental calibre. He advertises
thus in the Amherst, New Haven Cabin-
et:

"I forbid all mankind gunning in my
woods at all times of the year, without my
consent. I forbid all mankind flowing my
beaver meadow. I have lost two tons of
hay out of my barn, worth \$40, and I
call upon them for the pay, if not, I send
for them. I have got a pigeon net for
sale."

Awful Horse Thief.—A company went
to the house of a horse thief, in Weekly
county, a few nights ago, to arrest him;
and to prevent discovery, tied their hor-
ses a short distance off, and crept up to
the house. The thief "smelt a rat," and
slipped out the back door—took the best
horse in the company, and has not been
heard of since. This surpasses some of
Murel's tricks.

Great things in the West.—Water mel-
ons grow so large on the Illinois that a
man and his wife can safely cross the riv-
er in the shell of one; and musk melons
so large that a man, who lately drove his
team against one, broke through, and was
irrevocably mired, oxen and all.—Bor-
ton Post.